

A Portrait for the Deceased

Architects

Piano wire strangling our necks
We are both silenced
And we're sure this does not add up
Still we try and place our bets
We're sure this does not add up
Still we're dying
To make that call
Our people versus yours
Never did make sense
Your people versus mine
Light me up it's all too much for me
Never did make sense, come dance with me
We'll go out the sea, the sky was blood red
Images of people dead
Stained with the shadows
Of our past victims, we're out at sea
Then come and drown with me
We'll float away, drift away
Our corpses lifeless
Then somehow tell me we made sense